

pronounced amongst the students, but this is not to be regretted if its development is not accompanied by the tendency to boisterous conduct which is so generally associated with the public conception of the average student. There are a few college residences, namely in University College, Trinity College, Knox College, Macmaster Hall, Wyckliffe College, and St. Michael's College; but the number commensurate in all of these is collectively only a part of the whole, and at the present rate of increase of attendance will soon be an insignificant part. To provide board and lodging during the academical year for so many students is a problem left to be solved very largely by private enterprise and so far the solution has been quite satisfactory. A literary society is one of the ordinary adjuncts of college life in Toronto, as elsewhere, and some of them are very large and flourishing associations. In University College the society is "Literary and Scientific;" in Knox College it is "Literary and Metaphysical;" in Osgoode Hall it is "Literary and Legal."

## Readings and Recitations.

### THE RIDDLE

Fierce and bitter was the struggle,  
But the strife at length was o'er,  
And the joyful news went ringing,  
Ended is the cruel war.  
Proudly homeward rode his lordship,  
Bold Sir Guy of Atheldare;  
Flashed his eyes with pride and triumph  
As his praises filled the air.

Every heart was filled with gladness.  
Said I, every heart? Ah, no?  
Here, amidst this joyful people,  
One heart ached with speechless woe:  
T'was the little captive stranger,  
Claude, the vanquished Norman's son—  
Taken prisoner, brought a trophy  
Of the victory they had won.

Bravely fought he for his freedom,  
And when taken, smiled disdain  
As his captors stood around him,  
Bound his arms with gyve and chain;  
Smiled defiance when they told him  
That Sir Guy his life would spare,  
Should he serve and swear allegiance  
To the house of Atheldare,—

Spurned their offer, while his dark eyes  
Spoke the scorn he could not tell,  
As he followed without murmur,  
To his dreary prison-cell.  
Then they left him, and his young heart  
Bowed beneath its weight of pain  
For a moment. But he rose up,  
Calm, and cold, and proud again.

From without the grated window,  
In the pleasant court below,  
He could see the little princess,  
As she wandered to and fro.  
Long and eagerly he watched her;  
Like a cloud the golden hair  
Glanced and rippled in the sunlight,  
Framing in her face so fair.

And the little Highland princess,  
As if by a magic spell,  
Seemed to feel her eyes drawn upward  
To the dreary prison-cell;  
And the sad, pale face she saw there  
Caused the ready tears to start,  
While a woman's gentlest pity  
Filled the tender, childish heart.

Then a firm resolve rose in her—  
Lit the troubled little face.  
Not a moment to be wasted;  
Breathless, hurrying from the place  
On an errand fraught with mercy,  
Straight she to her father sped;  
Humbly kneeling down before him,  
Lowly bowed the dainty head,

While the sweet lips, red and quivering,  
Faltered out her anxious plea,  
Told her pity for the captive,  
Begged Sir Guy to set him free.  
But he answered, sternly gazing  
On the downcast face so fair:  
"Can our daughter doubt the justice  
Of the house of Atheldare?"

"But we pardon this, and tell you  
Of our woe and just decree:  
If this captive swears to serve us,  
We will spare and set him free."  
Then up rose the little maiden  
Dauntlessly, without a fear.  
"Would you have a traitor serve us?"  
Rang her voice out, sweet and clear.

And Sir Guy paused for a moment,  
All his anger from him fled,  
As he watched her, flushed and eager,  
While her cause she bravely plead.  
Gravely smiled he as she ended,  
Drew her gently on his knee:  
"You have conquered, little pleader—  
You have gained the victory.

"But your prince must earn his freedom:  
Not with bow or spear in hand—  
We are weary of the bloodshed  
Spread so long throughout the land.  
Let him ask our court a riddle:  
Six days' grace to him we give,  
And the court three days to guess it;  
If it fail, he then may live."

Once more in the pleasant court-yard  
Danced the little maid in glee;  
Surely he could find a riddle  
That would save and set him free.  
But five long days and five nights passed,  
And the prince no riddle gave;  
To his brain, all dazed with sorrow,  
Came no thought his life to save.

And the little blue-eyed princess  
Pondered sadly what to do,  
Till at last she sought the counsel  
Of her old nurse, tried and true.  
"Go," her nurse said, as she finished,  
"Go, and search the green fields over,  
Never stopping for an instant  
Till you find a four-leaf clover.

"Take and put it in a nosegay,  
In the centre, full in sight,  
Throw it to the little captive;  
All I promise will come right."  
Out into the merry sunshine,  
While her feet scarce touched the ground,  
Went the princess, never stopping  
Till the treasure she had found.

Threw it with the pretty nosegay,  
In the window, barred and grated.  
Then, and only then, she paused—  
Paused, and hoped, and feared, and waited.  
Through the window, barred and grated,  
In the dreary prison-cell,  
Like a ray of happy sunshine  
At his feet the nosegay fell.

As he raised and held it gently,  
While the burning tears brimmed over,  
Through the mist he caught a glimpse  
Of the little four-leaf clover.  
Thoughts went dashing through his brain,  
And, before the evening dew  
Kissed the flowers of the land,  
All the court this riddle knew:

*Fourteen letters am I made of,  
Over countries fair and bright,  
Under many different heavens,  
Raise we flags, both red and white.*